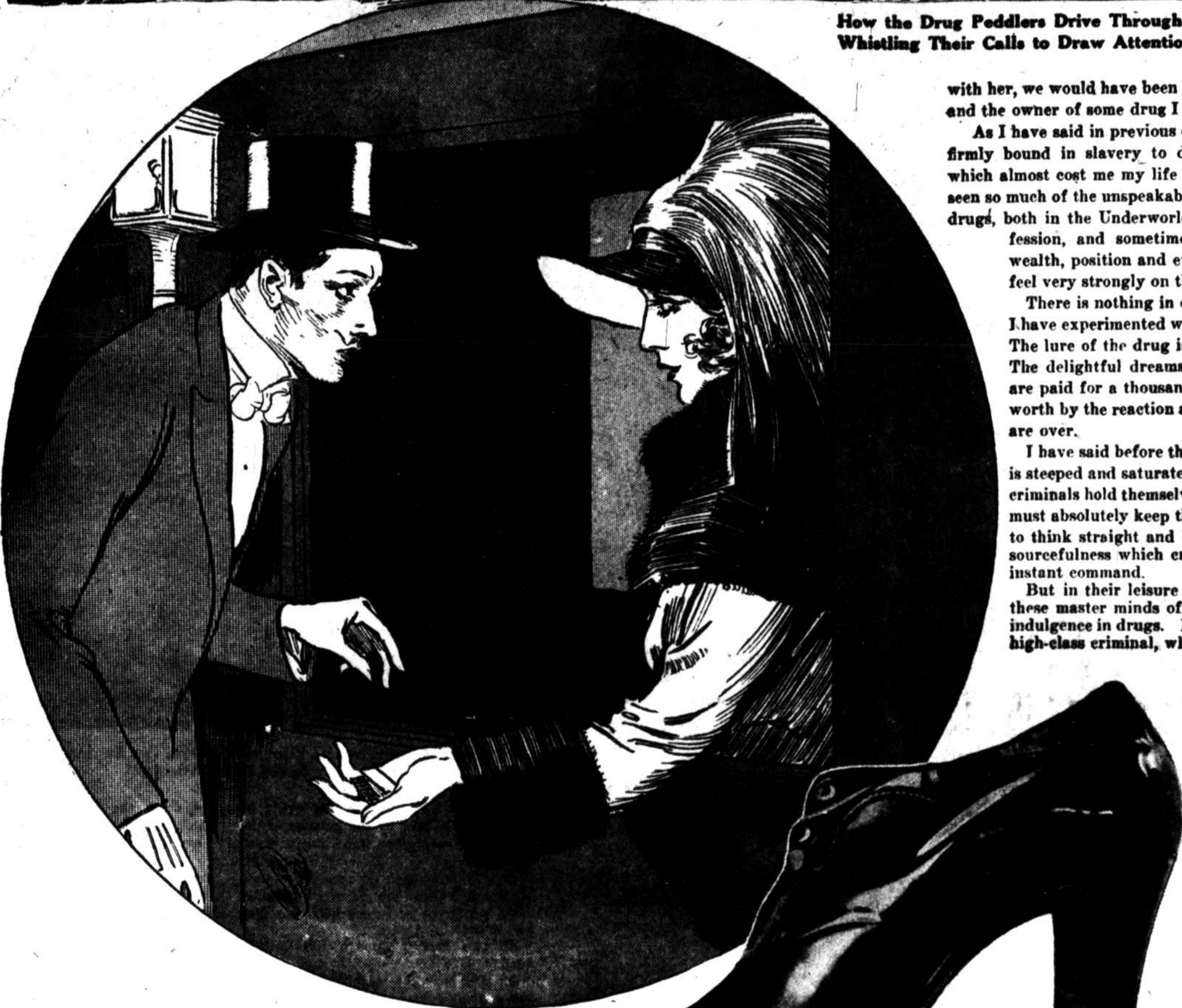




How the Drug Peddlers Drive Through the Streets of Paris at Night Whistling Their Calls to Draw Attention to the Slowly Moving Cabs.

# Revelation

Margaret Hill  
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"I was on the point of asking the cab driver what he was up to, but my companion opened the door of the cab instead, when I saw to my astonishment from out of the darkness stretch forth the arm of a woman. The fingers of the hand, carefully manicured, were nearly hidden by a number of rings set with precious stones, which sparkled strangely against the dark interior of the cab. She was a drug peddler."

False Heel Containing a Secret Magazine, Which Holds a Considerable Supply of Contraband Drugs.

with her, we would have been the poorer by a few pounds and the owner of some drug I could not make any use of. As I have said in previous chapters, I myself was once firmly bound in slavery to drugs, but with a struggle which almost cost me my life I broke the chains. I have seen so much of the unspeakable misery which comes from drugs, both in the Underworld and in the dramatic profession, and sometimes among those who have wealth, position and everything to live for, that I feel very strongly on the subject.

There is nothing in drugs which is worth while. I have experimented with every drug, and I know. The lure of the drug is really a fictitious fantasy. The delightful dreams while under the influence are paid for a thousand times more than they are worth by the reaction and misery after the dreams are over.

I have said before that the criminal Underworld is steeped and saturated in drugs. The high-class criminals hold themselves well under control; they must absolutely keep their heads clear and be able to think straight and bring to bear the quick resourcefulness which criminals must have at their instant command.

But in their leisure hours and "between jobs" these master minds of the Underworld lapse into indulgence in drugs. I know of a very prosperous high-class criminal, whose Summer house is beautifully situated a few miles up the Hudson River. He is a genial host, and delights in having week-end parties where ten or a dozen criminals of the aristocracy of the Underworld gather at his invitation for reminiscences, consultations and a good time.

The "good time" always includes the opium pipe. I have been a guest several times in years past at Dan's house parties. A well-filled wine cellar, a box of excellent cigars and very well prepared meals were, of course, to be expected. But the attractive novelty at Dan's Summer home, which the crooks especially appreciated, was the big, circular, soft-cushioned divan. Here on this big, round lounge, among soft pillows, the men and women of his social circle in the Underworld stretched out and chatted and smoked and dozed off into dreams, while Dan's skilled attendant cooked the dope, filled the pipes and ministered to the guests from the little opening in the centre of that remarkable round divan. And so they lounged, many scarcely leaving the cushions from Saturday to around Monday morning, until it was time to motor back to town.

Two Great Entrances Into the World of Drug Slaves

The dope fiend's repertoire consists of opium, morphine, cocaine, heroin, hashish, codine, and, in England and France particularly, ether. The first door into the drug world is usually opened by way of the opium pipe. It was so that I took my first step, and, when almost wrecked by the drugs and mad for a cure, I made inquiries of friends in the same case, they always told me the same thing: "I just smoked a sociable pipe of opium at a party. And then I got to smoking more and more—and after that came morphine and the others."

The second door is opened by the unscrupulous or careless physician, who gets rich or saves himself trouble by prescribing morphine for every ache or pain of the patient. I have known a number of doctors who have made excellent livings merely through their willingness to prescribe morphine. Old, querulous ladies or fretful, luxurious, idle wives would call in the smart doctor, lament their pains and he would give them, under the guise of medicine, in the great name of healing, a drug that would stupefy them all day long. No wonder these women refuse to change their doctor, and no wonder they like his medicine best.

Opium is bad enough in all conscience, but the other drugs are a hundred fold more ruinous to health and character. And inevitably the opium smoker turns sooner or later to them.

The reasons for this are many. To smoke opium you must have time—an hour and a half or two hours, at least, are necessary. You must also have a complicated paraphernalia—a lamp, pipe, cooking utensils for the drug and

an opium chef who understands how to manipulate the opium utensils.

Furthermore, opium smoking is a sociable vice. It means that the devotee finds the greatest pleasure in it only when accompanied by friends and in the midst of luxurious surroundings. Since the law has become so strict all this is hard to arrange at any time. Besides, it is expensive. When opium is smoked, for instance, in an apartment it takes \$12 worth of adhesive tape, first thing, to seal the doors and windows so that the fumes will not seep out and tell the neighbors what is going on behind those doors. They have to be cemented securely about each crevice, for nothing is stronger, more pungent, more easily detected, than the odor of opium.

The increasing difficulty of getting the right surroundings and the increasing expenses both tend to bring the smoker to drugs which are more easily handled and also stronger. For it must always be remembered that the drug addict steadily craves larger and larger doses. And also as the addict goes on his earning power becomes less and less with the deterioration of mind and body, so that it is not long before he or she cannot afford even the lowest opium dens. Hence, the pleasure smoker of opium soon becomes the needy, aching, insistent user of morphine or heroin. Morphine is 50 per cent stronger than opium, and heroin is 100 per cent stronger than morphine.

The procedure of an opium party is almost a ritual, almost as precisely ordered as the giving of communion in church the first Sunday of the month. First of all, the guests at any really epicurean opium party are well chosen. Nosey, gabby women or boisterous men who tell loud stories are never asked a second time. But the man and the woman who feel poetry in their souls, who can lend themselves in all luxury to the influence of the deadly relaxing drug, are always welcome. At every well-ordered opium party there is the host and the chef, who cooks the opium pills. It is considered a rare accomplishment to be a good chef. Sometimes the host may be the chef also. I can remember one well-known star of New York who rather prides himself upon the skill with which he mixes and cooks the little brown opium pills for his guests.

## Just How the Opium Users Arrange Their "Smoke Parties"

When the party of men and women have arrived for their opium debauch they all take places upon a large divan or couch. This is shaped twice or three times larger than a full-sized bed; it may, again, be circular. The mixing and the baking of the opium then begins. In the centre of the opium couch the little oil lamp is placed. The chef, who cooks the pill, is at the head of the couch placed so he can manipulate the utensils over the lamp. The can of opium, resembling in a way a small tin of tomato, though the can is square, is within reach, and the whole outfit rests on a silver tray. There is one opium pipe—a long bamboo or ivory affair—for the whole party.

The party then reclines, except the chef. They lie first a woman, then a man next, his head resting on her stomach. The third guest is a woman, whose head rests on the stomach of the man just preceding her in the circle, and so it goes, till the complete circle is made. The lamp consists of a little hollow bowl, filled with olive oil, a wick runs out of this into a small burner equipped with a chimney, not unlike to the chimney of a lantern though it is very much smaller.

When the lamp is lighted, as all the guests lie about waiting, the opium chef takes an instrument called the needle, long and delicate, and dips it into the can of raw opium. With it he winds the sticky mixture about, and then he lifts out enough of the dark-brown, sticky, gum like stuff to twist into a pill about the shape of a large pea. When he has made this into an opium pill he holds it over the lamp and cooks it in the slow fire of the oil fed wick, turning it constantly in the flame. After five minutes the needle is removed from the flame and the pill is dropped into the bowl of the pipe. Then, with a ceremony, the pipe is passed to the first user, who lowers the bowl over the lamp to keep the opium hot.

A great breath, long inhaled, peaceful, deliberate, slow is the breath with which the opium smoker inhales his stupefying drug. This is very different from the short whiffs with which one smokes a cigarette. He smokes for five or ten minutes. Then he reclines, relaxed. He passes back the pipe, and the chef, by this time, has prepared another pill for the next smoker. After cleaning out the bowl of the opium pipe with a cloth called Sovey Poo, and an instrument called the Yenshi Gow, he again fills the bowl and passes it to the next smoker. In this way the pipe goes the rounds of the waiting circle, and as the guests give themselves up to the magic drug its effects make themselves felt on the company.

There never is any difference of opinion at a proper opium party. There never is any discordance. There never is any bickering. There is always perfect peace. For, under opium, the most violent gunman would be as kind as his worst enemy.

By Mrs. Margaret Hill  
CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I AM, of course, quite familiar with the drug traffic in many of the large American cities, and from my own experience and the experiences of my friends I know pretty thoroughly the widespread use of dope in the night world of London.

Perhaps after all there is more regular and open use of drugs in Paris than in any other city. This has certainly been so until possibly very recently. I have not been in Paris of late, but friends of mine in the Underworld who have been there within the last few months tell me that at last the French police are making occasional spasmodic efforts to round up drug peddlers now and then. I certainly hope this is true.

In every quarter of Paris, whether it is the Champs Elysees or Montmartre, you come across people at some time or other whose desire it is to supply you with forbidden drugs. Cocaine and opium may be obtained with the same facility as that of going to the grocer and buying a pound of sugar or any other commodity.

There are so many hundreds of inexperienced people who desire to obtain this drug that they do not take any notice from whom or where they buy it, with the result that they fall an easy prey to "fakers," who prepare small quantities of flour, and, wrapping them in white paper, sell them to the drug-takers. When the fraud is discovered it is impossible for them to lay a charge against the sellers, for obvious reasons. So openly are the methods for the sale of the drugs carried out that it is no wonder the "man in the street" and the police get to know the secrets of what may be truthfully described as one of the most widely practiced vices of the night life of Paris.

The last time I was in Paris I had an opportunity to purchase some "coco," as it is called in France, by the

following method, which I hear is one of the most favored by traffickers. I was out walking with a male companion. A taxicab was driving slowly along an ill lighted but one of the most frequented streets at the back of Montmartre. The street at the time was deserted. The chauffeur gave every few seconds a low but clear whistle, which I thought was rather unusual. Our curiosity piqued, we decided to investigate. We soon made up our minds about one thing—that the cab was not on the streets that night for the purpose of being hired. Accordingly, for the purpose of finding out what developments there might be, we hailed that taxi and gave the chauffeur an address a few streets away. By way of response he gave a short laugh and said, "No need to do that. There is nobody near."

I was on the point of asking him for an explanation, but my companion opened the door of the cab, when I saw to my astonishment from out of the darkness stretch forth the arm of a woman. The fingers of the hand, carefully manicured, were nearly hidden by a number of rings set with precious stones, which sparkled strangely against the dark interior of the cab. The hand took hold of his sleeve. I then noticed that she had her other hand tendered toward him. In the palm I perceived two packets, one of them wrapped in black paper and sealed with red sealing wax, and the other done up in white paper and made strong by a large seal of blue wax.

Behind the apparition I heard a soft, musical voice say: "What do you want, black or white?" "Neither," my companion—who, of course, was now, like myself, thoroughly on to the game—replied. "We want some morphine." "I am sorry, I haven't any with me to-day. It is very seldom that our customers require it. I will bring some with me to-morrow. Good-by," was the reply.

We slammed the door, and the taxicab drove off. About a hundred yards further down the street the chauffeur resumed his whistling. We had been justified in having suspicions about the genuineness of that taxicab, and had it not been for my friend's ready wit in asking for morphine, a drug which he guessed she would not carry about